C C7 F C
i was waltzin with my darlin to the tennessee waltz
C G7
when an old friend i happenned to see
C C7 F C
introduced him to my darlin and while they were dancin
G7 C
my friend stole my sweetheart from me

C E7 F C
well i remember the night and the tennessee w altz
G7
now i know just how much i have lost
C C7
i lost my true love i lost my darlin
F C
the night they were dancin
G7 C
the beautiful tennessee waltz

now i wonder how a dance like the tennessee waltz
could have broken my heart so complete
but i couldn't blame my darlin and who could help fallin
in love with my darlin so sweet

well it must be the fault of the tennessee waltz
wish i'd known just how much it would cost
but i didn't see it comin,
it's all over but the crying
blame it all on the tennessee waltz

TENNESSEE WALTZ

★ PLEASE WRITE TO: ★

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB
918 EAST GONZALEZ ST.
PENSACOLA, FL 32505

★

20131004

KEVIN

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB

PRESENTS

SONGS OF OUR SOIL

★ SONGS AND HYMNS BY THE ★
DOWN AND OUTS OF YESTERYEAR

WELCOME

it all started in the middle of last tour, we were all three of us squooshed in the front seat of a mid-80's taxi cab with all of our gear up in the trunk, a leslie cabinet in the backseat with all of our sleeping bags and our drums in a cargo rack bolted on the back. we were just talking about some fun covers to do. we eventually realized most of the songs we wanted to do were all old folk songs, blues and spirituals, so we thought "hey, why not do an entire album of folk, but not just an album, a double 12inch, a tour, and a songbook" of course! when we got home, we asked our buddy for his opinion, and he upped and volunteered to follow us around and film the whole tour. of course! the only problem was, in between our busy tour schedule, we only had 3 weeks to learn about 30 songs, put a transmission in our van, make shirts, songbooks, and some posters, and record a few songs and make some tapes for the kids. at the time of the making of this book, these are the songs we've learned so far.. we wanted people to learn the songs, so we put the guitar chords on them, too. in true folk tradition, we have stolen slashed, or just mangled lyrics, rearranged melodies, misquoted, misread, and occassionally missed the point. but these are the songs we love. americas first protest songs...and a love song or two.

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BEANS TATERS AND GRAVY

G C G
well i was born long ago in 1893 eighteen ninety one
A7 D7
and i've seen many a panic i will own
G C G
i've been hungry, I've been cold, & and now I'm growing old
D7 G — G7
but the worst i've seen is nineteen thirty one

C
oh those beans taters and gravy
G
they almost drive me crazy
Em A7 D7 A7 D7
i eat them till i see them in my dreams (in my dreams)
G C G
when i wake up in the morning and another day is dawning
C G D7 G
then i know i'll have another mess o' beans

we all congregate each morning at the county barn at dawning
and everyone is happy so it seems
and when our work is done, and when our work is done
we thank the lord for one more mess of beans

oh those beans TATERS and gravy...

if there ever comes a time when i have more than a dime
they will have to put me under lock and key
for they have had me broke so lonf, i can only sing this song
of the workers and their misery

oh those beans TATERS and gravy...

this song used to be called "beans, bacon and gravy" but we switched the lyrics slightly to better fit our superior diet. even our extensive search was unable to find an author for this song, but it is generally accepted to have been written during the depression (1929-1933). although the lyrics and even the melody are fairly humorous, a family being forced to skimp on nutrition and fatten up on filler makes for a sad, sad song, even if the jerks do eat bacon.

before the railroads came along in 1850, barges pulled by mules were the best way to transport large amounts of goods. although a pretty short distance, the erie connected the atlantic to the great lakes and was an essential waterway. an important waterway in pensacola is the bayou texar, and it is so polluted that you can no longer swim in it. monsanto, dupont, & champion all pollute on the bay, and when their paid "suits" surveyed the land the entire city was shocked when they told us that it was the duck poop that caused all the horrible pollution. although the original version of the song wasn't very political, my 5th grade class did sing it at a recital.

ERIE CANAL

Dm Gm A7 Dm Bbm Dm A7 Dm
i got a mule, her name is sal fifteen miles on the erie canal

Dm Gm A7 Dm Bbm Dm A7 Dm
she's a good old worker and a good old pal 15 mi. on the erie canal

F Am Bbm Dm E7 Am
we've hauled some barges in our day filled with lumber coal and hay

Dm Gm Am Dm Bbm Dm A7 Dm
and we know every inch of the way from albany to buffalo

if yer lookin for pollution don't look far, turn yer head towards bayou texar
don't need to stick yer mouth on the tailpipe of yer car, just try to take
a swim in bayou texar

some cities got oil rigs in their way lumber mills turn the air grey
listen to executives, you'll hear 'em say it was the ducks that polluted bayou texar

we'd better get along on your way, old gal, 15 mi. on the erie canal
cos you bet yer life i'd never part w/sal 15 mi. on the erie canal
get up there mule, here comes a lock we'll make rome about 6 o'clock
one more trip and back we'll go, right back home to buffalo

F G C
low bridge everybody down, low bridge for we're coming into tow n

F C7
and you'll always know yer neighbor, you'll always know yer pal

F G C F
if yer ever navigated on the erie canal

JOHN HENRY

C
when john henry was a little baby
C7 F G7
sittin on his mamas knee
C F
picked up a hammer in his little right hand
C F
said this hammer's gonna be the death o me lord lord
C F G F
this hammer's gonna be the death o me

the cap'n he said to john henry
boy, you think yer pretty mean
you better give me a dozen more swings
or i'll replace you with a machine lord lord
replace you with a machine

john henry said to his cap'n
a man aint nothin but a man
i done give you all i got
why don't ya bring that steam drill on in lord lord...

w hen the cap'n brought in the steam drill
he thought he was mighty fine
john henry drove about 15 feet
the steam drill only drove 9 lord...

john henry started walking home ~~said he's gonna~~
said he's gonna lay down in his bed
his w ife polly ann went to wake him in themornin
john henry was just layin there dead lord...

one of the 1st songs documenting the struggle of man vs. machine man wins in this one, but after he returns home and goes to bed, his wife finds him there in the morning dead. oh well, i guess machine wins after all.

JOE HILL

C Em F C
i dreamed i saw joe hill last night alive as you or me
F C G D7 G
says i "but joe, yer 10 ½ years dead" "i never died" says he
C F G C
i never died says he

in salt lake joe says i to him, him standing by my bed
they framed you on a murder charge. says joe, but i aint dead
sa ys joe but i aint dead

the copper bosses killed you joe they shot you joe says i
takes more than guns to kill a man says joe i didn't die
says joe i didn't die

and standing there as big as life and smiling with his eyes
joe says what they forgot to kill went on to organize
went on to organize
went on to organize

joe hill a int dead he says to me joe hill aint never died
where working men are out on strike joe hill is at their side
joe hill is at their side

from san diego up to maine in every mine and mill
where workers strike and organize says he you'll find joe hill
says he you'll find joe hill

joe hill was a labor union organizer, and the writer of scores of protest songs. framed on a murder charge, he was killed by the state of utah in 1915 and instantly became a martyr. joe hill asked that we not mourn his death, but spend our energy organizing instead.

SIXTEEN TONS

this song was written by merle travis, not by tennessee ernie ford. merle was the son of a coal miner and wrote "dark as a dungeon". pay for digging coal could run as low as 8-12¢ a ton and the physical hazards as well as the health conditions were horrific to say the least. w hat little pay they received w as often docked for company housing, power, use of work tools, jacked up prices of food and clothing at the company store, and so on. miners could also be fired and evicted from their homes for not using the company store, usually ending in a beating from the company thugs.

Em C7 B7
well a lot of people think a man's made out of mud
Em C7 B7
but a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Em Am Em
muscle a nd blood, skin and bones
Em Am Em
a mind that's weak and a back that's strong

chorus: you load 16 tons and what do you get? another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter ~~don't~~ don't you call me cos i can't go, i owe my soul to the company store.

i was born one morning w hen the sun didn't shine
picked up my shovel and headed for the mines
loaded 16 tons of no. 9 coal
the straw boss hollered "w ell, bless my soul"

i w as born one morning ~~when~~ in the drizzling rain
fighting and trouble was my middle name
i was born in the bottom from a momma hound
i'm mean as a lamb, but gentle as a lamb

if you see me coming, better step aside
a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died
got a fist of iron and a fist of steel
if the left one won't get you, the right one will

ROLL ON COLUMBIA

G D7
green douglas firs where the waters run through
G
down yer wild mountains and canyons she flew
C
canadian northwest to the ocean so blue
D7 G
roll on colombia roll on

G D7
roll on colombia roll on
G
roll on colombia roll on
C
yer power is turning our darkness to dawn
D7 G
roll on colombia roll on

other great rivers add power to you
yakima snake and the kilikitat, too
sandy willamette and the hood river, too
roll on colombia roll on

chorus if desired

it's there on yer banks we fought many a fight
sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night
they saw us in death, but never in flight
roll on colombia, roll on...chorus if desired

we rode alongside you on a cold winters morn
climbed up to yer waterfalls and stared at yer shores
spent a little time there, but i wish we spent some more
roll on colombia roll on

chorus

woody guthrie was commissioned in 1941 to write 17 songs about the columbia river. this one was by far the catchiest. the tune was borrowed from leadbelly's goodnight irene. there were a few verses that seemed racist and patriotic, so we switched those out with our own. if you ever get a chance to see the columbia river, we highly advise it. probably the most beautiful body of water in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ america in our humble opinion.

PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

F B♭ F
long haired preachers come out ev'ry night
C
try to tell you what's wrong and right
F B♭ F
but when asked about something to eat
C7 F
they will tell you in voices so sweet

chorus

C
you will eat (you will eat) bye & by
C7 F
in that glorious land above the sky way up high
F7 B♭
work and pray live on hay
F C7 F
you'll get pie in the sky when you die that's a lie

and the starvation army they play
and they sing & they clap & they pray
til they get all yer coin on the drum
then they tell you when yer on the bum

if you fight for the good things in life
they will tell you to stop all the strife
be a sheep for the bosses they say
or to hell you are sure on the way

workingfolk off all countries unite
side by side we for freedom will fight
when the world and it's wealth we have gained
to the grafters we'll sing this refrain

last chorus
you will eat bye and bye
when you've learned how to cook and to fry
chop some wood, ~~xxx~~/~~xxx~~ twill do you good
and you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye
THAT'S NO LIE

this is a song also written by joe hill, probably around 1910 this one holds particular importance due to the fact that the salvation army would often sing "in the sweet bye and bye" while collecting coins, and eventually a large group of wobblies would join up across the street and sing this parody of the song drowning out the salvation army.

ROCK ISLAND LINE

A
oh the rock island line is a mighty good road

the rock island line is the road to ride

the rock island line is a mighty good road

if you want to ride it, gotta ride it like you find it

get yer ticket at the station at the rock island line

i may be right and i may be wrong, but yer gonna miss me when i'm gone

jesus died to save our sins, glory to god we gonna need him again

abc double x y z cats in the cupboard but they don't see me

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

G D7
we shall not, we shall not be moved

we shall not ~~be~~ we shall not be moved

C C7 G Em
just like a tree, planted by the water

G D7 G
we shall not be moved

we are fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved...

we are black and white together...

this w as adapted slightly, almost not at all from the old spiritual "i shall not be moved" and was even sung by old bluesmen like charlie patton as well as in the church. in the 60's, the civil right movements borrowed it and just changed the i to we. very clever.

CASEY JONES

C
the workers on the s.p. line to strike sent out a call

but casey jones the engineer he wouldn't strike at all

his boiler it was leaking and his driver's on the bum

and his engine and its bearings they were all out of plumb

C F C
casey jones kept his junk pile running

C D7 G7
casey jones workin (scabbin) double time

C F C
casey jones got a wooden medal

C D7 G7 C
for being good and faithful on the s.p. line

the workers said to ~~a~~ casey "won't you help us win this strike?"
but casey said "leave me alone, you better take a hike"
then casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn out track
and casey hit the river with an awful crack

casey jones hit the river bottom
casey jones broke his bloomin spine
casey jones was an angelino
he took a trip to heaven on the s.p. line

when casey got to heaven right up to the pearly gates
he said i'm casey jones, the guy that pulled the s.p. freight
yer just the man said peter, our musicians went on strike
you can get a job a-scabbin any time you like

casey jones got a job in heaven
casey jones doin mighty fine
casey jones scabbin on the angels
just like he did to workers on the s.p. line

now the angels got together and they said it wasn't fair
for casey jones to go around a-scabbin everywhere
angel union no. 23 they were there
and they promptly fired casey down the golden stair

casey jones went to ~~hell~~ hell a flyin
casey jones the devil said oh fine
casey jones get busy shovelin sulphur
that's what you get for scabbin on the s.p. line

EAT A BLOCK OF TOFU

jump down turn around eat a block of tofu

jump down turn around eat a block a day

oh lordy eat a block of tofu

oh lordy eat a block a day

me and my gal can eat a block of tofu
me and my gal can eat a block a day

chorus

me and my man can... chorus
me and my buddy can... chorus
we can eata eata eata eata eata block of tofu...
jump dow n turn around...chorus

stolen ~~from~~ directly from leadbelly's Pick a bale of cotton, we started singing this in the car as a joke. a bale of cotton is an enormous amount of x cotton and no person, or even a person and their buddy could pick a bale of cotton a day. it seems the song was written as a spit in the face to the only jobs available to blacks in the south, but through the years, the song seems to have become a joke, where bugs bunny wears blackface and does a ridiculous shuffle. we didn't really ~~d~~ want to be a part of that, so we thought our way was a bit better. besides, it seemed funny while we were crammed in the car.

written as a parody of another song called casey jones, joe hill's version written as early as 1912 dishes out a harsher punishment for scabbing on union brothers, sisters, and families. how unfortunateit is that the main character was offered a chance to go to heaven and scab there, too, before being sent to hell (if you believe in all that stuff)

I AM A UNION WOMAN

Am G Am
i am a union woman as brave as i can be
G Am Dm Am
i do not like the bosses and the bosses don't like me
Dm Am
come join the cio, come join the cio

i come from kentucky, kentucky borned and bred
but when i joined the union, they called me russian red
come join the cio, come join the cio

when my husband asked the boss for a job, this is the words he said
"bill jackson i can't work you sir, yer wife's a rooshian red"
come join the cio, come join the cio

if you want to join a union as strong as one can be
then join the dear old nmu and come along with me
come join the cio, come join the cio

the bosses ride big fine white horses while we walk in the mud
~~the~~ their flag's the old red, white, and blue and ours is dipped in bl
come join the cio, come join the cio blood

if you want to join a union, step in and come along
we'd be awful glad to have you, we are many thousand's strong
come join the cio, come join the cio

written by aunt molly jackson. yet another song where workers are called communists for wanting a fair union. well, actually a worker is not hired simply because his wife is union.

THIS LAND IS YER LAND

C G
this land is your land this land is my land
D G
from california to the new york island
C G
from the redwood forest to the gulf stream waters
D D7 G
this land was made for you and me

as i went walking that ribbon of highway
i saw above me that endless skyway
i saw below me that golden valley
this land was made for you and me

i roamed and i rambled i followed my footsteps
to the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
and all around me a voice w as soundiNg
this land was made for you and me

when the sun come shining then i was strolling
and the wheat fields waving and the dust ~~clouds~~ rolling
a voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
this land was made for you and me

in the squares of the cities, in the shadows of the steeples
at the relief office i saw my people
some were stumbling and some were wondering if
this land was made for you and me

as i went rambling this dusty highway
i saw a sign that said private property
but on the other side it didn't say nothing
that side was made for you and me

nobody living can ever stop me ~~as/i~~
as i go walking ~~thi~~ my freedom highway
nobody living can make me turn back
this land was made for ~~me~~you and me.

one night in 1940, woody guthrie was in a bar and heard "god bless america" playing on a jukebox, and was disgustingly offended. he sat dow n to write what he thought would be a more appropriate song that all americans could identify with. 4 years later he put the finishing touches on it and it became an honorary national anthem and by far his most well known song. the irony is that it's not a very patriotic song. the last three verses (which are generally faded out or omitted) change the subject quite quickly from gawking at america's natural beauty to questioning the welfare system, private property and religion

I DON'T WANT YER

MILLIONS, MISTER

C
i don't want yer millions, mister
F C
i don't want yer diamond ring
F C
all i want is the right to live mister
G7 C
give me back my job again

i don't want yer rolls royce, mister
i don't want yer pleasure yacht
all i want is food for my babies
give to me my old job back

we worked to build this country, mister
while you enjoyed a life of ease
you've stolen all that we've built mister
while our babies starve and freeze

call me dumb if you wish mister
call me green or blue or red
this one thing~~i~~ i do ~~n~~know mister
my hungry babies must be fed

this song was recorded first, i believe by the almanac singers in 1941, but was written by a man named jim garland. rich bosses who make hundreds, or even thousands of dollars a day by supervising, or simply from the interest accrued from their old family money sitting in a bank, like to call their workers lazy incompetent or communist and against the american way of life when they ask for fair wages or to be given the chance to join a union. what the bosses may not realize is that the workers aren't asking for 1st class luxury for free, just a living wage and fair ~~pa~~ practices. there is a love song version of this song called i don't want yer greenback dollar. it's true. i saw it performed at a bluegrass festival in asheville.